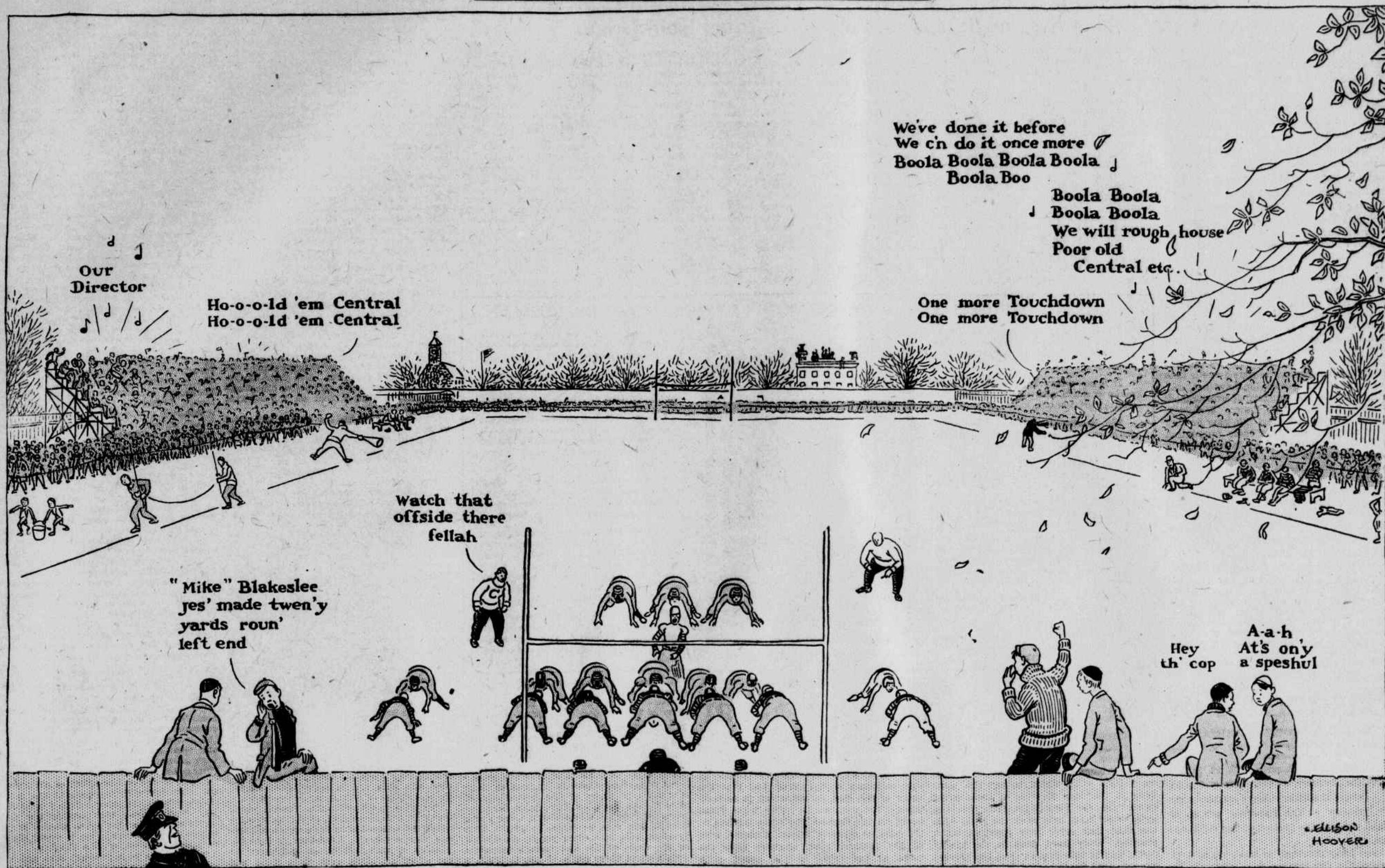


WHEN WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

The Big Game of the Year



How to Attend the Big Game Explained by a Psychoanalyst

By TORREY FORD.

ATTENDING major sporting events is more of a science than an art. The initiated go at it calmly and take in all the games; the amateurs moan frantically and stay at home.

In the older days of sport the acid test was one's ability to attend successfully a championship heavyweight bout or a world series. But the professional sporting promoters have so far solved the housing problem that the past year has witnessed the unusual spectacle of vacant seats at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight and still more vacant seats during the Giant-Yank civil war at the Polo Grounds. Football alone remains the unsolved acoustic.

So for those who have some notion of attending the Princeton-Yale football struggle at New Haven on November 12, or the Harvard-Princeton fracas in Palmer Stadium a week earlier, or the Cornell-Penn affair on Thanksgiving Day, or any one of the bigger games which lure the thousands that make up the "myriad of humanity and riot of color," for them and their brethren—the ones who'd go if they could only get a ticket—the following compilation of helpful hints and gyrations has been carefully prepared by a pseudo psychoanalyst who goes in for those things rather thoroughly.

Intending Spectator Must Major in at Least Two Subjects

Convenience has suggested certain purely academic divisions of the subject. Let this not worry the gentle reader. He may completely ignore the barriers set up here and there and jump about in the lists as he chooses, though for a regular S. B. in the art of attending the big game he must be expected to major in at least two subjects and have a working knowledge in two others.

We now approach the main paragraph: Go after the "coveted pastebards" early! You should have begun in mid-summer or last June but waste no time now in asking all of your friends and your friends' friends if they know of anybody who knows of anybody who is going to have a pair of seats he would like to dispose of for a modest premium of, say, "ten bucks a seat."

Avoid the professional scalper and seek out the gentleman graduate who can't afford to turn down a decent offer. If your doddering old parent had wisdom enough originally to send you to the college that is staging the big show to-day, this simplifies matters. Or, at least, it should. Along in early September when the hot winds of the pavement were still lashing your office walls, you probably found in the morning mail a yellow envelope marked: Football Application Blanks.

"Whoinell wants to think of football now?" you may have remarked with a bored air and tossed the thing down in the bottom drawer with the oil prospectus junk.

Do's and Don'ts in Methods of Getting Tickets for the College Classics Are Important Factors, While Placing of Freak Bets Is Likely to Give Satisfaction, for You Might Win One---Motor Car a Prime Essential

Don't do this! Or if you did it, dig the thing up, send out for a stenographer, a lawyer and a justice of the peace and go in strong for the statistics. Tell 'em your grandmother's middle name, the date and age of your most recent wisdom tooth, the color of your wife's eyes and your favorite toothpaste. Enclose with check for \$5.15 (6 cents extra in Canada and Brooklyn) and mail special delivery, registered parcel post, rapid aéro service to the treasurer of the AAAAA and await developments.

If nothing happens, don't strain your indignation chords. You are only one of sixty-seven thousand others who forgot to fill in the dotted line about illegitimate children, thereby forfeiting all rights to the privilege of seeing the big game.

How to Ask Best Girl

And Make a Big Deal

Don't get too optimistic and invite some one to share the thrills of the gridiron spectacle merely on the prospect of being able to get hold of a couple of tickets. The courts are filled with divorce actions and breach of promise suits based on grounds that would appear trivial in comparison.

Wait until you have the tickets clasped firmly in the right hand and then spring the big surprise as a telling climax. On the eve of the game, when you're up calling on the girl, casually bring it into the conversation. "What do you say we toddle up to the game to-morrow, Flo?"

"Oh, but could you get the tickets this late?"

"Have a try anyway."

Scroll over to the telephone and call up the Harvard Club.

"Hello, this is the Harvard Club? Give me the president of the club, please. This is Bill Hiel ox speaking. . . . Hello, that you, Steve? . . . This is Bill. . . . Say, Steve, thought I'd like to take in the game to-morrow. Could you fix me up with a couple of seats? . . . What if they aren't on the 50 yard line, we don't mind. . . . Thanks a lot, Steve. . . . Shall I call for them or will you send 'em up to the house? . . . Better send them up then. . . . Good-by."

During this conversation it is just as well to keep one finger pressed firmly down on the receiver hook.

A Motor Car Will

Transport You Comfortably

Unless you wish to be trampled on, crowded, pushed, elbowed and reduced to the ultimate p-u-l-p, arrange to go to the game by motor.

While the train service mentioned in the advertising circulars as adequate to the point of luxuriousness may have its appeal

for the Herculean gent who used to play centre rush on the second eleven and still thinks he is good for a couple more scrimmages, for the average citizen it is pure folly to attempt anything so strenuous.

Private club trains and fraternity specials are merely pretty names invented by the railroad authorities. They don't mean what you think they ought to mean.

If you haven't a car of your own, borrow a car, or hire one, or steal one if it comes right down to it. Cars are being stolen every day right in New York city. Why should you tremble at the thought of it? Just choose a prominent corner in broad enough daylight, hop in and drive away. Nothing simpler.

Contrive to get an early start. You can't start too early to miss any of the traffic. A subtle touch is to hang a banner on the back of the car to let every one know that you are going, too.

En route the Marquis of Queensberry rules prevail with Westchester variations that should be committed to memory before starting. Don't stop for blowouts or breakdowns and run the chance of not being there when the whistle blows. There will be plenty of time to fix things on the way home.

A delightful custom practised by many motorists is to race with the motorcycle cops encountered along the way. Offer to bet one of them twenty bucks you can beat him from Mamaroneck to Rye. Cops are frequently good sports in spite of their profession. Besides, they like something to break up the monotony of a dusty day on the highways.

When you get near the scene of the major activity, pass by all the unsightly backyards that have signs up: Cars Parked, 50 Cents. These places are invariably syndicates operated by a central power for the larceny of automobiles on a wholesale basis. And

thumbs down to the small boy who offers to "Mind yer car, mister." His father may be a second hand dealer who could use another car in the business. The simple solution is to drive bodily up the main entrance, park next to the curb, get out and hang a For Sale sign on the windshield. No one will come within ten feet of the darned thing.

Every year there are some persons foolish enough to believe that it is possible to get fed at the Princeton Inn or the Taft Hotel on the day of the game. Usually there are about twenty thousand such Utopians. Nineteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one of these are doomed to stand around hungry mouthed watching the two hundred and nineteen lucky ones get frownd at by the head waiter for taking so long over a plate of hot soup.

Hot dog vendors and "ham and" merchants are to be found in generous proportions in close proximity to the entrance gate. Don't be fooled by them. The intercollegiate hot dog bears only a distant relation to the Corey Island brand, costs four times as much and tastes four times as bad. Buck in '37 at a Princeton-Yale game, a ham sandwich is reported to have been offered for sale thinly spread with butter. This record has never been equalled.

The better system is to take food along with you in the car. Make it a liquid lunch and avoid the crumbs. A quart thermos bottle filled with eighty cents worth of chocolate egg malted milk is well thought of by a number of leading sportsmen, though the out and out hoodlum carries his on the hip.

We lump these two items for the sake of brevity. If your fur coat hasn't been taken

out of the moth balls yet or is still down at Jimmie King's pawn shop, you will have to be content to play a subdued and minor role in the day's events. But if your coonskin is all set for action and the cloth hat too, you can sport a fair sized bunch of carnations in your buttonhole and get away with anything.

Carry a cane and poke people frequently during the course of the game. Smash all derby hats, sparing the brown ones. They are deserving of special consideration. Whenever anything happens or is about to happen, jump to your feet and yell: "Down in front!" This proves you are a veteran footballer.

If the particular row in which your seats are supposed to be located is already too thickly populated with fat people, place your partner on the left knee. If she isn't that kind of a lady, select some likely looking subject in the immediate vicinity and persuade her of the necessity of economizing on space.

Join in the organized cheering whether or not you know what it is all about. And every once in a while start up a little independent cheer of your own. Be careful not to criticize the players out loud. One of them might hear you and come up in the stands to prove who is the better man. Besides, remember they aren't paid a cent for playing. If they don't do what you think they ought to do, it is probably because somebody mixed up the signals or the line didn't hold.

Be calm and hope for the best.

Go After Freak Bets:

You May Win One

Don't put all your eggs in one basket. Place a number of wagers in different ways and you are sure to win one of them and have something to cheer about.

Watch the odds. When they are offering 7 to 5 on Harvard, bet on Yale. When one of the Crimson substitute coaches sprains a rib and the odds shift over to Yale, bet on Harvard.

Go after the freak bets—8 to 1 that Yale's score will be twice as large as Harvard's would have been if Haughton hadn't retired in favor of big business; 1 to 3 on the Princeton cheer leader forgetting the opening lines of "Tiger! Tiger!"; 3 to 6 on no snake dance; 9 to 5 against the Yale captain's offering to play on Harvard's side in the last quarter; 50 to 1 on sitting behind a man who knows all the players by their first names.

That's the way to really enjoy the game. Make up a book that is bound to show a profit whichever way the fickle hand of fate may turn.

Whether or not you are entitled to wear an arm band indicating that you have been

honorably discharged from a university, celebrations should be indulged in moderately. The great aftermath of the battle should be in proportion to your bankroll and to your satisfaction or disappointment at the results.

If in Boston, do as the beanaters do. Start the evening by calling on a certain physician or the outskirts of Commonwealth avenue. He has a prescription that is guaranteed to cure anything from a sudden attack of influenza to a pair of parched tonsils. The professional visit costs you only three dollars and the corner druggist fills the prescription for about the same amount. After that the rest of the evening takes care of itself.

If the final whistle finds you in New Haven or Princeton Junction lose no time in making tracks for the big city. The possibilities of a regular celebration in a college town are limited. After the bonfire, then what?

New York can swallow a couple of football crowds without noticing it and give every one a good time. The theatres, restaurants and hotel lobbies may seem to swarm with the college spirit, but an actual canvass would be apt to show that for every football reveler there are ten druggists from Peoria, Ill., or Zanesville, Ohio, who are just as interested in showing the town a bright evening.

However the facts, the effect is the same. New York seems dressed up for a party. Those interested in economy will not purchase in advance tickets for the theatre. If you do reach town in time for the last act, you will be too tired and hungry to waste any time on the drama. After ten hours in the open air, a plank steak with trimmings holds out more allurements than a dozen penny ballets without trimmings.

Leave Girl at Home

Who's Not a Perfect Lady

Even if this term had not become archaic in the American language, there would be no need for its consideration in football etiquette. When the college athletic associations restricted the application to two seats, it was a direct slap at the ancient custom of cluttering up the stands with maiden aunts and nice old grandmothers.

If a girl can't be trusted to behave like a perfect lady at a football game, she should be left at home. Anyway, there is a theory that a college man is always a gentleman except when he's a stag. And then, who cares?

In conclusion, we have only a word or two of parting advice for the student in the art of attending the Big Game.

A college diploma is one thing; a seat in the Stock Exchange is another. Don't fuse the two items. You can enjoy a yard triumph just as much on a high sea for education as if you were one of Dr. Eliot's pet prodigies. You can feel badly over a Yale "moral victory" play, graduate of the school of experientialism, you had been the Grand Kleagle, was pre the secret societies in New Haven by the

Whatever your educational pastime is a football game. It's a

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